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## CORONADO AND PADILLA

**Early Missionaries Hospitably Received by the Indians—Story of First Invasion of Territory of Quivira, Now Kansas—Martyrdom of Father Padilla, the First West of Missouri River—Adventures of Early Days Leading to the Establishment of the Church in Utah.**

The official Report of Fray Marcos De Nizza, his wonderful exploit, the lands he had seen and the tribes with whom he tarried stimulated the ambition and aroused the enthusiasm of the Spaniards in Mexico, and initiated the famous expedition of Coronado in 1540.

When Coronado began his march for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola there went with him three Franciscan priests and a lay brother to teach Christianity to the natives. Happily the names of these zealous missionaries have been preserved to us, and we owe it to our admiration for disinterested courage and zeal to see to it that these names will live for all time.

Best known of these was Father Marcos de Nizza. He accompanied the expedition to the Zuni towns—the Zuni—Cibola of New Mexico—which he had already seen and of which he had written. His health failing him, he returned to Mexico City, where he died March 25, 1538.

The priest Juan de la Cruz was of French descent and was ageing rapidly when he volunteered to accompany Coronado. He was a man of great piety and was revered by Coronado's men for his sterling qualities of head and heart. When Coronado retired from New Mexico late in 1541 the aged priest stayed with the Indians at Tigua, now Bernalillo, on the Rio Grande, which cuts New Mexico from north to south. As he was never again heard of, and no positive statement in regard to his fate is found in the early writers, we may only conclude that he was murdered by the Tiguas.

Fray Luis Descalona, the lay brother, selected for his field of labor after the Spaniards left the country the village of Pecos, on the left bank of and high up on the Pecos river, northern New Mexico. When Coronado was leaving for Mexico he presented to Fray Luis five or six sheep. These the lonely man drove before him into the Zuni country, pausing many times in the day to let them browse, and at night lying down to rest with his sheep sleeping around him.

When he entered the Pecos with his little flock he was hospitably welcomed by the Indians of the great pueblo and told he might settle among them. He now built himself a rough cabin on the prairie outside the village and gathered the little children around him for instruction in the catechism. How long the venerable man lived here, or what became of his sheep, we do not know. He may have died in his little hut or he may have been murdered by one of the sorcerers or medicine men, jealous of his popularity with the tribe. When Espejo passed by the Zuni villages forty years after Coronado's expedition he heard nothing of the fate of Fray Luis.

Father Juan de Padilla, who seems to have been a confidential friend of Coronado, was comparatively a young and vigorous man when he volunteered to join his Provincial Fray Marcos on Coronado's explorations.

When Coronado advanced some days ahead of his army toward Zuni-Cibola all the Franciscans accompanied him. While he camped for a time among the Zunis he dispatched Pedro de Tobar, his lieutenant, and twelve men to escort Father Padilla on his visit to Tusayan and the Mogi pueblos. He was the first white man who ever saw or entered a Mogi village or spoke to a "snake man." Returning to Coronado's camp at Cibola he joined an exploring expedition of Hernando de Alvarado to Pecos. It was on this journey the Spaniards saw for the first time the famous rock pueblo of Acoma and heard of Quivira. In the Report submitted to Mexico and signed jointly by Padilla and Alvarado (Third Vol. Documentos de Indias), Quivira (Kansas) was represented as a very rich country.

On the return of Alvarado to Cibola, Coronado, taking with him Father Padilla and twenty-nine mounted men, started on his now famous journey to Quivira. The party crossed the Canadian river, entered the lands of the warlike Apaches and rode into the great buffalo herds of the plains. After sixty-seven days of tortuous travel they crossed the Arkansas near old Fort Dodge and entered the region called Quivira, in northeastern Kansas, not far from the boundary of Nebraska. They were now in the land of the Teton-Sioux—known afterwards to the Canadian trappers and hunters as the "Gens des Prairies." This was in 1541. The priest re-

turned to the Rio Grande with Coronado, and when the adventurous Spaniard went back to Mexico with his disheartened men, Father Padilla and Father Juan de la Cruz remained to instruct the tribes in Christianity. With them stayed a Portuguese soldier, Andres Docampo, a Mestizo boy, two Spanish assistants, Lucas and Sebastian, known as "Donados," or mission volunteers, and two Aztec Indians from Mexico.

From Bernalillo, where they now were, Father Padilla set out on a missionary expedition to the Teton-Sioux, Quivira, or Kansas, in the autumn of 1542, leaving Fray Luis with the Pecos. He brought with him Docampo, the two Donados and the half-blood boy. He also took along all that was necessary for offering up the Holy Sacrifice, one horse and some provisions for the journey.

No accident marred the romance of the journey, and they safely arrived among the Teton-Sioux, by whom they were hospitably received. After instructing the Indians of Quivira in the rudiments of religion, Fray Padilla, in opposition to the advice of the chiefs of the tribe, resolved to visit and preach to the Guayas, who were no friends of the Teton. His zeal overcame his prudence or his knowledge of Indian customs, for in those days a missionary who dwelt with and was regarded as a friend of a tribe could not leave their encampment to take up his abode with an unfriendly people without exposing himself to suspicion and jealousy. The Teton held the friar in awesome reverence as a powerful sorcerer, whose incantations, when friendly, meant prosperity to the tribe, and when malign, carried with them sickness and misfortune. The more popular the priest became, the more dangerous it was for him to leave the wigwams of his friends.

When the Spanish missionary, contrary to the pleadings of the Quiviras, entered upon the trail leading to the land of the Guayas—a Pawnee sub-tribe—he unconsciously shook hands with a messenger of death, for his friends believed he was going over to their enemy, and the Pawnees would look upon him as their foe, since he came from a tribe with whom they were at war.

The Mexican historian Mota-Padilla, who claimed to have examined early documents bearing upon the death of the faithful missionary, tells us in his "Historia de la Nueva Galicia" that "the friar left Quivira with a small escort, against the will of the Indians of that village, who loved him as their father. When he had traveled for nearly a day he saw coming toward him Indians in their war paint, and, divining their murderous intention, he advised the Portuguese, who was mounted to gallop off and take with him the Donados and the boy, who, being young, could run away and escape. As they were unarmed they all did as the father advised, but he, kneeling down, offered up his life, which he surrendered for the salvation of others. Thus he obtained his most ardent wish, the blessing of martyrdom, by the arrows of those savages, who, after murdering him, threw his body into a deep pit. The day of his death is not known, although it is considered certain that it occurred in the year 1542. Don Pedro de Tobar, in the documents he wrote with his own hand and left in the City of Culiacan, says that the Indians went out to kill this holy father in order to get possession of his ornaments. He also states that there was a tradition of wonderful signs accompanying his death, such as great floods, balls of fire and darkening of the sun."

Such is the account given by Mota-Padilla of the end of the first martyr west of the Missouri. Eight or nine years after the murder of the priest Andres Docampo, the two Donados—Sebastian and Lucas—and the half-caste boy, companions of Father Padilla at Quivira, entered Tampico and announced the death of the priest.

After their flight from Quivira they were captured by the Comanches and held as slaves. When they broke away from their captors they wandered aimlessly from place to place and from tribe to tribe. The tramp of these unarmed and half-starved men from northeastern Kansas to Tampico, Mexico, would be incredible if it were not proved and certified to beyond denial.

In all American history there is no parallel to this marvelous journey if we except the extraordinary and continuous wanderings across the continent from eastern Texas to the Pacific coast of Cabeza de Vaca and his miserable companions, Maldonado and Dorantes, in 1528-36.

What became of these companions of Father Padilla? The Portuguese soldier, Andres Docampo, is not mentioned again in history. He is heard of for the last time in Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico; Sebastian, the Donado, who was a native of Mechucan, Mexico, went to Culiacan, Sinaloa, and died there; Lucas, the other Donado, became a catechist with the Zacateca Indians and lived to an advanced age.

The grave of Father Padilla, like that of Moses,

## UNDER THE CITY'S LIGHTS

**Timely and Kindly Advice to the Young Men and Women, Irrespective of Race or Creed, Who Are Beginning Life's Battle.**

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.)  
"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield.  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field  
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn.  
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him there  
Underneath the light he looks at in among the throngs of men."

Since Tennyson wrote the above lines many a boy everywhere throughout the world has journeyed over the highways on to the city. Fired with laudable ambition, with the eager desire of winning for themselves a place in the race of life, they left their father's home, bid goodbye to the old roof tree and all the calm, simplicity and beauty of country life.

They are about to be in a new career, to meet new scenes and new faces, and oh! how different all is to the old. As we look upon those boys with the pulse of life so strong within them, with hearts as yet so free from guile, and who know the temptations, the sin that lurk there beneath the city's light; we, I say, feel inclined to take those boys by the arm and pointing the way back again to their father's home and say to each: "My dear boy, return to the old roof tree; for how much better is poverty there with virtue safe, than probable riches and fame in the city yonder with all its temptations and sin around you!" And many boys have trod over the highway on and on to the city, noble, manly, virtuous boys they were then, but one week there in the city, and their manliness was gone and their virtuous life lost forever. Temptations in all shapes and forms surrounded them. They fell; bad habits assumed a complete mastery over them, and those young lives, so full of noble hopes and aspirations, became blighted in their very springtime, and now it is forever for them a winter. And many young girls, too, have trod over the highway on to the city. Pure as the lily they were then, with the same hopes, the same laudable ambitions as the boys had. With a heavy heart and seething tears they bade goodbye to the fond old mother with these words upon their lips: "Oh, mother! don't cry; I will write often to you, and you won't feel the time passing until I see you again." And oh! the future of many such girls! Many of them have said their last goodbye to their mother, for down into the pit abyssal they fell, in the heart of the city they lost their virtue, and now, though their hearts are breaking for just one word from mother's lips, for just one fond, soft caress of the olden times, that one word they shall never hear, that one caress they shall never obtain, for between them and mother is the barrier of shame. Oh! is there, I ask you, anywhere on this wide world a sadder picture? Looking at the sinful life of cities, this fact is forced strongly on our minds, namely: it requires a great fortitude, a great grace for a boy or girl to escape this contamination. Just take your stand for a few minutes in the heart of a city. Over there at the street corner is a group of boys gathered outside a beer shop; note the impudent and brazen way they stand there; the swag of the end is writ in large letters all over them. See the insolent glances they bestow upon the passers-by, especially the young girls. And yes, here a young girl, one of their own sort, comes along. She is not yet 20; mark that bold, smirking glance she bestows upon that group; see how she jerks her head and looks over her shoulder while her body assumes a jaunty, immodest attitude. These boys judge one another as she passes and call out after her some low pet name. Approach a little nearer and listen to the conversation of that group. Oh! don't, for God's sake, for their conversation is about what think you: "They are boasting about the sins they have committed."

Look at that group of young men and women. They are entering a drinking saloon. Follow them in and what will you see? Gambling, blasphemy, and every form of immodest conversation! See that music hall, that theatre there with a blazing front of light. What is inside those? Half dressed women on a stage, playing the part of heroines, and those heroines are heroic for what? They were unfaithful to their husbands and have polluted the pure springs of marriage. Look at those middle-aged men and women who walk the streets on the prowl. Human vultures they are, and they are on the watch for what?—for innocent victims to destroy body and soul.

All this is but the outside; all this is but the eternal badness of the city. There are dens of vice, dens of infamy there, that the pen of man cannot

the Jewish law-giver, was never found. He was, with Pedro de Tobar, the first white man to enter the Zuni and Mogi villages and make known the existence of the Rock of Acoma and the Pecos towns. With Coronado he was the first of white men to see the Arkansas, which he crossed on June 29, 1541, and called it the River of SS. Peter and Paul, a name which it still bears on the old maps of Nueva Galicia, or north and northwestern Mexico.

describe their foulness and their filth. Yes, many young men and women who today figure amongst the sinful number, oh! once they traveled over the highway on to the city full of great hopes for the future, their hearts fired with noble aspirations, pure as the snows that today glisten in the sunshine on the peaks of Utah. They fell in with bad companions, gone are all their high hopes, dead forever are their noble aspirations, and their end—oh, sickening thought!

If any poor young fellow reading these lines with me thus far recognizes himself in them, to him I say this:

"There is none who falls ever so low but can rise again. Be a man; shake off the shackles which bad companions have woven around you. Be a slave no longer. You live in a liberty-loving, a free America. Take your stand again as an honorable member of society beneath the grand old banner of the Stars and Stripes, and be a worthy son of the church to which you belong. Augustine in his young days sowed his wild oats and he reaped tears. He noted out the wild oats and he sowed the good grain, and today he is a Saint with God. Imitate him—rise, rise, I say!

And young women, you who have fallen, my dear sisters whisper. In a far-off old Jewish city there once dwelt a woman. Men called her Magdalen the sinful, the profligate. Wherever her shadow fell, there was sin. From the awful depths of her degradation she rose up and went to the Great Master's feet with a repentant heart, and sinful Magdalen of the old Jewish city is today St. Mary Magdalen of the City of God.

Dear sisters, imitate her; leave the glare, the sin of the pavements. Be a slave no longer. Repent of the past; look forward to the future. It is the weakness of your poor human nature, the temptations that caused your fall; it is the strength of a noble woman to rise again. Young America wants all her good women.

And my young boys and girls of every creed and every class, you who are about to set out on the highway for the city's lights, grave this upon your minds: In the glare of the city's lights the human virtues are waiting, are watching for you. Be on your guard; shun them as you would the plague. Be virtuous. Be industrious, and then you will be using well the talent which God has given you.

I will conclude with the words of Scipio, that great old Roman of the far-off Pagan days of Maritima:

"But of all those virtues, on account of which I seemed to you worthy of your regard, there is not one in which I gloried so much as temperance and the control of my passions. There is not so much to be apprehended by persons of our time from armed foes as from the pleasures which surround us on all sides. The man who by temperance has curbed and subdued his appetite for them has acquired for himself much greater honor, and a much more important victory, than we now enjoy in the conquest of Syphax. Subdue your passions. Beware how you deform many good qualities by one vice, and mar the credit of so many meritorious deeds by a degree of guilt more than proportioned to the value of its object."

## TO SECURE NEGRO PRIESTS.

**As the Pastors of the Colored Congregations Throughout the Country.**

A movement having for its object the welfare of negro Catholics has been started in Baltimore. Its object is to have negro priests put in charge of negro Catholic churches. Throughout the country the movement has taken shape in the organization in Baltimore of St. Benedict's Industrial and Missionary association. Plans are under way to perfect organizations in Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans and other cities where negro Catholics are numerous.

The object of the organization is to stimulate interest in the education of negroes for the priesthood. The association is sending out a circular letter describing its aims. The circular says: "In all countries and among all peoples for ages the Church has followed the practice of ordaining native priests for the natives of each particular country and each particular people, and in the United States each race of the vast aggregation of races which help to form this nation has priests of its own except the colored race."

"And if such is the practice of the Church with other races, surely the need for colored priests for the colored people must be great indeed."

There are at present four negro priests in the country.

## JUDGE TAFT WAS NETTLED.

The correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer who traveled with Mr. Taft on his Ohio tour wired his paper as follows:

"At Mingo Junction, Ohio, Judge Taft became nettled because he was permitted to make a prosperity speech from the front of the great Carnegie mills, which have been closed down for nearly a year, with the consequence that nearly 2,000 men are out of employment. Upon hearing this he wanted to know why Judge Hollingsworth had not informed him of the fact:

"Your speech was all right; it fitted the condition well," was the soothing response.

"I want to know the exact conditions in the future," was the tart reply."

## PERHAPS THE MEN ARE.

"Among the Quakers," said Miss Wise, "I believe the men wear their hats in church."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Gidday. "As if anyone could possibly be interested in men's hats!"

## THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH

**Teaching of the Church Raised the New Testament From the Plane of Common History to That of Inspired Word—The Catholic Church Teaches that She Is the Church Built by God Himself.**

It cannot be said that the Bible takes the place of the Church, for the New Testament, at least, is simply the creature, the production of the Church, which is its sole witness and the only voucher for its inspiration. A book, no more than man, is inspired because it says so. The inspiration of the Bible is evidently an invisible fact and is, therefore, not a matter for history or proof by human testimony. Christ did not write a word of the New Testament, nor did he command his Apostles or any one else to write it. He did, however, establish a Church and this Church existed in all the plenitude of its power and authority, taught His doctrines and, it is to be hoped, saved many souls long before a line of the New Testament was written. Christ had long since ascended to heaven ere some of the Apostles and their disciples, in order to aid their memory and for their own convenience and that of those people committed to their charge, commenced to write the sayings and doings of Christ and his Apostles. The Church already established and duly authorized to teach, examined these writings, and, finding them in accord with what she heard from the lips of Christ, received them, pronounced them inspired, the word of God, and taught that henceforth they should be believed and received as such by all Christians. This teaching of the Church "to hear which," Christ declared, "was to hear himself," raised the New Testament from the plane of common history into that of a supernatural or inspired record, and as such it has been ever since held and believed by all professing Christians. It is only through the infallible voice of the Church or body of teachers appointed by Christ that we, therefore, can have certainty of the invisible and otherwise unknowable fact of the inspiration of the sacred scriptures. And not only this, but the infallible teaching of the Church is also necessary to interpret the scriptures to give us their true meaning—that intended by the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth. Human words and language are susceptible of various and even contradictory meanings. The Bible is a dead letter and says simply what the reader makes it say, and it is evident from the many existing different and contradictory forms of Christianity, each taking its doctrines from the Bible, that the reader makes it say many strange and ungodly things—individual inspiration or illumination to the contrary notwithstanding. Writings or language interpreted by fallible authority becomes logically fallible. *Pegora sequitur semper conclusio partem.* (The conclusion always follows the weaker premise.)

Besides, private unofficial interpretation of the Bible is wrong in principle and reverses the real order. It places man before God, makes the Creator subject to the creature, who becomes the real legislator, for the interpreter of a law is practically the law maker. Christ certainly was not less wise than man, and the man that would attempt to found a state, organize a government, or constitute even the smallest and most insignificant society without making provision in the way of a head or supreme court for the official interpretation of its constitution, laws and regulations, would simply stultify himself before the world. Without the living voice and the infallible Church, therefore, as a supreme court to interpret the sacred scriptures, to decide and declare their true meaning, there would be no means of knowing with certainty what Christianity is in detail and the inspired Bible would become, as it actually is, an apple of discord.

We now see at one glance what the Catholic Church holds and teaches concerning herself, her origin, her constitution, organization, mission, powers and properties, when I state that she, from the very beginning, from the ascension of Christ, up to the present, has always and everywhere asserted, taught and defended that she is the self-same identical Church which Christ himself built upon the rock, and against which, as he declared, the gates of hell could not prevail; and consequently to the Catholic Church rightfully belong all those marks, powers, properties and prerogatives which, as we have seen, characterized the Church of Christ.

Of course, the fact that the Catholic Church asserts that she is the Church founded by Christ is no proof that she is such. Whether she is or not is a matter of inquiry, of history, of fact. However, unless Christ has purposely deceived the world,

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